



IRISH NEWS

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868.

We devote much space in our paper to-day, to the able and eloquent oration of Thomas Mooney, Esq., on Saint Patrick's Day. The day was splendid for outdoor movements, and all the Irish societies and military companies turned out with full numbers and in grand style, to celebrate and honor it. In the evening a dinner at the Occidental, and two or three balls, concluded the celebration. We will give a more extended and minute account of the whole affair in our next.

THANKS—To Hon. S. B. Antell, our California member of Congress, for valuable public documents forwarded by him to the Irish News office.

Governor H. H. Haight wants six months' leave of absence, to visit the Eastern States.

Dave Buel, recently Democratic candidate for the Governorship of Nevada, and who has an office in London for the sale of mines, is reported to be on his way from Chicago to Austin, with \$100,000 of the proceeds of mines sold by him in Europe.

We are pleased to notice that the Board has elected that worthy lady, Mrs. Wm. Carey Jones, to be one of the Teachers in the Normal Training School. Mrs. J. is an estimable and accomplished lady, and the Department is honored by her becoming one of its members.—Call.

London, March 9.—The Morning Post says the following is the plan presented by the Government in relation to Ireland: 1st. Consideration of the Church question shall be postponed until a Commission on the Irish Church Establishment, already appointed, shall have made a report. 2d. Another Commission shall be appointed to inquire into the relations between the landlords and tenants in Ireland. 3d. The Irish railroads shall be subsidized by the Government.

There is no decrease in England of the Fenian panic. A correspondent, writing from London, says:

The bitterness between the Irish and English increased daily, and that a conflict cannot be averted. There are now in England over 100,000 born Irishmen, besides women and children. Counting the men of recent Irish descent, there are probably 300,000. These do most of the rough work of the country. There are 47,000 Irishmen over twenty years old in London, 20,000 in Liverpool, 10,000 in Manchester, counting only those born in Ireland. But the third generation born here is as Irish as the immigrants. They compete with the elbow aside more than an equal number of Englishmen. They hold their own because they had rather fight than not. This Irish spirit cannot be stamped out. Russia may be able to change the language and religion of a people, and transport them by hundred thousands from one part of its vast empire to another to scatter and absorb a troublesome nation; but England cannot do it. She has tried to depopulate Ireland, to convert it, to make it English, Scotch, or anything but Irish, but so far vain. The Irish are there, just as ever. Catholics are there, more Catholic than ever. There is another Ireland growing up in England, and still a greater Ireland beyond the seas. Even the army, the Irish half of it, is beginning to feel the infection.

In the case of A. J. Stevenson, John Dwyer, John Devine, and James Golden, charged with kidnapping Martha McDonald, with intent to remove her out of the country, by way of Mission Creek, to the other side of Jordan or somewhere else, Judge Dwyer yesterday afternoon, after determining to transfer the defendants to some other Magistrate for examination, fixed Stevenson's bail at \$10,000, and that of Golden at \$5,000 each. Dwyer was not present in the Court. Stevenson gave his bail and was released. The Judge then ordered the officer to take the prisoners before the nearest and most acceptable Magistrate. They were accordingly taken before Judge Provinces, who released Devine on his own recognizance, as there are strong probabilities that twing to his confinement in jail at the time of the alleged kidnapping, he did not, at least immediately, participate in the transaction. Judge Provinces fixed two o'clock, P. M., of Monday next, for hearing the matter. It is intimated that Dwyer, having taken offence at Mr. Stevenson about something, gave the information that caused the arrests to be made, and that he will be used as State's evidence. [Call.]

But recently a strange occurrence transpired in the vicinity of Point San Quentin, in which a young woman named Clara Seymour Ball came to her death by drowning, in consequence of the capsizing of a boat in which she and a man named William Robinson were sailing. Whether the capsizing of the boat was accidental or intentional, it is at present impossible to ascertain, as the whole matter appears to be wrapped in mystery. The following facts relative to the matter have been ventilated: W. J. Seale and C. F. Trank, who reside on the Potrero, near the Pacific Rolling Mill, saw a boat, bottom up, drifting past Point San Quentin with a man clinging to her side. They immediately set off to his assistance, rescued him from his position, and asked him his name and what had transpired. He replied that his name was Robinson, and that while he was making the Point his boat was struck by the wind and capsized. In answer to a question put to him as to whether there was any one with him at the time, it is said he replied: "Yes, there was a woman under the stern, but never mind her, she is as dead as a mackerel; save the boat." Turning their boat in the direction indicated by Robinson, they found the woman hanging out of the stern of the boat entangled in the sheet, and with a rope foul of her arms. She was instantly conveyed to shore, and various methods were used to resuscitate her, but without effect, as life was extinct. Information was immediately sent to the Chief of Police, who, on repairing to the place where Robinson was detained by some citizens, took him into custody. Robinson, on being questioned about the woman, at first said he did not know her. Subsequently, he admitted that he had seen her before, and knew her name to be Smith. In another statement made by him, he said that she met him on Folsom street wharf and asked him to take her out on the Bay for a sail. He consented, and while on the way home she caused the boat to capsize. In the prison Robinson appeared to be under the influence of liquor, and did not seem to manifest any interest concerning the fate of his late companion. There is a severe confusion on the left temple of deceased; also, the marks of a heavy blow across the bridge of her nose. Deceased was an American, aged about twenty-five years, an acquaintance by occupation. She had been in this country about a year. Robinson was locked up to await an investigation of the matter.

Mr. Train lectured on an enormous audience in Cork on the 27th January. He commenced by stating that he had sent an invitation to the detective police of the city to attend. He went on the praise Ireland, referring, of course, with disapproval, to Mr. Keble's recent speech at Sheffield; and as a proof of Irish greatness, he recited a list of distinguished Irishmen. After this he called for groans for "Mr. Keble's slanders" and the appeal was very heartily responded to. Mr. Train then spoke of himself. He said that he was born in Boston, which he characterized as one of the meanest places in America. He was sorry for that place of ill-fortune, and begged to apologize for it. His ancestors, however, were very distinguished people, and one of them had been second cook in the Mayflower. All the Americans who had come here, he said—Mr. Everett, Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Adams were "bottled up" on getting to London by Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone. Assuming that he should get the £100,000 he claims as damages from the British Government, he said he would give it all for a single hour's speech for Ireland in the British Parliament. He concluded amid immense cheering, and was afterwards borne in triumph on the shoulders of some of his admirers. On the following evening Mr. Train lectured on Female Suffrage.

The following is from the Cork Herald: Mr. Train delivered the third of his series of lectures last night. Extraordinary as were the crush and confusion of the previous nights, these were shrunk into utter insignificance by the spectacle of last evening, which may be, indeed, pronounced unparalleled in the annals of public demonstrations in this city. Probably rendered wise by the experience of Tuesday evening, Mr. Train organized at each door of the Athenaeum a chosen band of sturdy castles, wielding formidable and surely savers, evidently especially shaped with a view to an increase of punishing power, and to distinguish the function of the wielders. With few exceptions those guardians were in state of jovial but indiscriminate drunkenness, and displayed the extremity of their conviction in the zeal and impartiality with which they belabored the surging throng who endeavored to sweep for entrance began fully an hour before the time appointed for the lecture, at which hour a crowd of several hundred had assembled at every door of the building, all burning with desire to enter, resolved to gain admission at all costs, and determined to do so for nothing if human threats and snarls could attain that end.

He read his letters to the President, and spoke enough to fill over four columns. Emigration from Ireland to New York has suddenly and greatly increased.

The following is taken from the New York correspondence of the San Francisco Bulletin:

Can a Fenian be a Bona Fide Citizen of the United States?

This question is started by the *Evening Post*, which maintains that if the Irish Republic is a verity and not a myth, all parties who have sworn allegiance to it have thereby renounced their allegiance to all to all other countries, and consequently are not entitled to the protection of such other countries. The argument is so plausible that it is strange it was not advanced before. Evidently the Fenians themselves have never had the slightest suspicion that, in swearing allegiance to a government whose headquarters are established in Ireland, and in accepting the bonds of such government as genuine and legal money, they were renouncing their claim to the protection of the United States. Although the question is but newly broached here, it is hardly possible that it has escaped the acumen of the law officers of the British Crown, or that Mr. Seward has not long ago had his attention directed to it, either by intuition or by suggestion from the other side. [But there are upwards of 100 American citizens now in British bastilles,—according to Lord Magee's recent report in the House of Lords,—imprisoned on mere suspicion of being connected with Fenianism; All these men want is a trial, to prove that they are no Fenians, and here is where American protection is claimed.—Ed. I. N.] The renewed and extended efforts, therefore, of the Fenians to compel the United States Government to extend its protection to them in foreign countries is not likely to succeed. Protection to American Citizens abroad is a principle which our Government should and undoubtedly will maintain at all hazards; but, if Fenians are not American citizens—what then? I do not but that, if the British Government can only obtain positive proof that George Francis Train is really what he frequently boasted of being, namely, a full-blooded Fenian, the career in England of that frothy individual will be summarily ended. At the Fenian meeting last week at Cleveland, which was addressed by Gen. John O'Neill, Col. Walsh and other prominent leaders, the speakers pleaded 100,000 Fenians to the American Government in the event of a war with England. When that event happens it will bring with it the day of "England's tribulation and Ireland's opportunity," and then will be the time for Fenians to strike an effective blow for the liberation of the Green Isle. Some of our sensation papers are predicting that such a war will surely come within two years, at farthest, notwithstanding the smooth words that passed a day or two ago between Mr. Johnson and the new British Minister. The nervous anxiety betrayed by Lord Hobart, in his controversy in the London Times with "Historicus," to have the Alabama claims settled on the basis proposed by Mr. Seward, is a suggestive fact in this connection. It is asserted in the London letters that Mr. Thornton, the new Minister, has a carte blanche for settling those claims with Mr. Seward without further recurrence to the home Government. Such a course is not without many precedents in diplomatic history. A Government which is preparing to back down from pretensions which "circumstances," if not a returning sense of justice, have warned it ought no longer to be maintained, will naturally seek, by such a transfer of negotiations, to smooth over the mortification of defeat. But I have wandered from the question, which must not be left without a reference to our old acquaintance, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. This individual, who is seldom out of trouble, has managed to get himself into the bad graces of his countrymen in the Bahamas, by a false statement recently made by him touching the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal. He asserted that this organization was complicated with the Fenian movements upon the frontier, and that the record books of the Society had been burned because they contained evidence of such complicity. The officials of St. Patrick's published a certificate, signed by the Mayor of the city and three or four other societies, contradicting this statement, point blank. Having thus vindicated itself, the Society summarily expelled McGee from its membership.

Our Legislature has now before it, as usual, a dozen or more of city railroad projects, three of which are of formidable proportions. The Metropolitan and Suburban Railroad Company want a franchise to construct an underground road along the line of Broadway, from Fowlsey Green to Harlem River, where it is proposed to connect it with the Harlem river and Hoboken road, which is to cross the North river. This road promises by excavations under the sidewalks to let daylight into the cellars and sub-cellars of the stores on Broadway, and thus to make available for business purposes an immense quantity of cellars that is now comparatively unavailable. The estimated cost of this enterprise is \$20,000,000, and the time for completing it about eleven years. Another project is that of the Traumatic Transit Company, which proposes to construct a tube from Brooklyn under the East River to the city of New York, and under the North River to Jersey City.

The estimated cost of this enterprise is only \$5,000,000. A third enterprise is that asked for by the Erie Railroad, which wants to a "grid-iron" the city with double tracks through several of the prominent thoroughfares, so as to bring grist to its mill from all points of the Metropolis. Of the three enterprises this is the only one that has any visible capital to back it, the other two being engineered by men who have no status in money circles, nor anywhere else that is known to newspaper readers.

Horrible Tragedy in Canada.

The following is taken from the Pembroke Observer, of February 18:

Seldom does it fall to the lot of a Canadian journalist to have to chronicle an occurrence equalling in horror and magnitude that which is kind and affectionate mother, though some years before she had exhibited symptoms of insanity; two daughters, the eldest about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and four sons, made up their family. On Friday last, 31st ult., the father being at work, the eldest daughter went out to milk the cows, but before she got through was called into the house by her mother. On reaching there she started to find her mother standing in the entrance with an axe and remarking to her, "They are all dead," or words to that effect; but on looking into the house the horrible sight of her younger sister and brothers lying around the room, gashed and bleeding, met her eyes, and she fled in wild terror to one of her neighbors. It was said that the mother was making demonstrations to make her a victim, also, but she got out her way in time to prevent it. We do of the horrible affair was soon afterwards received in Pembroke, when Mr. McKenzie, Coroner repaired to the place and held an inquest at once, after which the woman was conveyed to the jail in Pembroke, to await further proceedings on the part of the authorities. The children were dead when the Coroner arrived at the scene of the tragedy, another died while the inquest was being held. Four of them were buried on Sunday last. Insanity, as will at once be inferred, was the cause of this awful unnatural act. About ten years ago, while yet in Germany, her husband told of her killing a man with an ax, while in a similar frenzy. Up to Friday last the derangement in her mind seems to have been no danger apprehended by her friends of any violence on her part, but on the contrary, those who knew her best, speak of the great amount of affection and tenderness she invariably manifested for her children. On the morning in question the children, it is believed from the circumstances gathered, had just got out of bed, and were standing around the stove, when the old demon of insanity returned with redoubled power, to the commission of the most unnatural act the mind can conceive. The ax was seized, and rapidly the deadly blows descended on the heads of the devoted children, cleaving their skulls and scattering their brains in a horrible manner. The spectacle on entering the scene of the butchery, when the inquest commenced, is described as sickening and pitiable in the extreme. Three of the children were already cold in death, and the other two barely alive, were lying where they had fallen, with the ghastly wounds in their heads, precluding the possibility of recovery. One of these yet alive and in addition, part of one hand cut off, the little thing having probably, on the same principles, died "drowning men catch at straws," mechanically clasped its hand over its head to ward off the descending blow. After the inquest, the Coroner, Dr. McKenzie, committed the woman to the County Jail in Pembroke, where she now is awaiting the further action of the legal authorities. Since her commitment the wretched being has come to her usual senses, but save a few half-meaningless expressions, has said very little in connection with the affair, and is not apparently disposed to speak at all on the subject. Her mental agony appears to be excessive as evinced by constant moaning and rocking to and fro, while the tearless eyes seemed to denote an extremity of inward suffering too great to be relieved by tears. Since writing the above we learned that one of the children is still living the one with the mutilated hand though in cannot recover, so dreadful is the wound inflicted.

A memorial, prayer Congress to grant the Senate of R. R. the same assistance that it has already granted the Central and Union Pacific companies was introduced into the Senate by Mr. Connelly.

There are now 6,000 men at work on the Central Pacific Railroad. There are fourteen distilleries in the town of Los Angeles, and eighteen more in the county.

AMY MILTON'S LOVE.

Down amid the sandy reaches—in among the pine and beeches. O'er and o'er the silver moonlight, While in ledges sighted the sedges to the soft silurian breeze.

Oh, I loved her as a sister—often, oftentimes I loved her. Holding her against my vest her slender, soft, selective hand. Often, by my midnight taper, filled at least a score of paper.

With some graphic simile or simile "to the nymph of Italy's land."

Oh, we saw the dim blue highlands, Coney, Oak and other islands—As upon the moorland water lies the moonlight's gleam. Then we parted—broken hearted I, when she left me to my lonely life.

As upon the moorland water lies the moonlight's gleam. Plunges her spurs and spidery outlines lightly on the level plain. But, whenever the fresh breeze bloweth, to more distant ocean goes. Nevermore the old faint knowledge—nevermore returns again.

So is woman evanescent—shifting with the shifting present. Changing like the changing tide, and faithless as the fickle sea. Lighter than the wind blown thistle—faster than the fowler's whistle. Was that cooing voice of hoaxing, Amy Milton's love for me?

A correspondent writes us from Waterloo, Iowa, asking if we know one Edgar Burnham, and his history. We do. And as it is a strange, true one, known to hundreds, we give it in the Democrat as it is, that we may correct some errors those who speak of him have fallen into. Eight years since, when we were engaged as city editor of a Milwaukee paper, we connected with a Chicago paper, we think. He is, unless he has quit it lately. In 1862 Powell was married to Miss Ellen Burnham, of Broadhead, Wisconsin, after a courtship of some months. Miss Burnham's parents were old residents of Broadhead, and of high respectability. The daughter taught music, had a large number of pupils, and was very attractive. Powell lived with her as a husband two years, she being all that time a good wife in all respects, preserving him with but one child. At the expiration of two years, when about twenty-one years of age, Mrs. Powell's voice changed, she grew flighty, whimsical, and gradually changed her sex, developing into a man, in all respects, as nature ordains for a freak, had turned a portion of herself wrong-side out. The husband and wife separated when the wife became a man and Mrs. Ellen Powell took the name of Edgar Burnham, donned male attire, sought and obtained employment as a clerk in Chicago, and lived a single year, and for one year. During this time he fell in love with a niece of Senator Morgan, of New York, but did not marry her for reasons not pertinent to this article. But about the end of the year he did marry a young lady of Broadhead, Wis., a Miss Gertrude Everett, who was a music pupil of the former wife, as was R. H. Bond, the former music master. Over three years previous to the marriage. This second marriage was about two years ago. Soon after this marriage "Edgar" Burnham and wife removed to Waterloo, Iowa, where they now reside or did, not long since. The former girl is now a man, the former wife is now R. H. Bond, the former music master is now a father, the former young lady is now that young lady's husband. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction, and the above simple statement of facts borders so upon the marvelous we could not believe it did not personally know nearly all the parties. Any one can be convinced, by writing to the parties in either of the places we have named, of the full and entire truth of the most wonderful transformation, which puzzles not only the medical but the entire scientific world, and which fact appears now for the first time in print, though the particulars have long been known to us and to many other newspaper men and prominent citizens of this State, as to nearly all the citizens of Broadhead, where the parties so long resided.—La Crosse Democrat.

The following is another account of the man-woman story. It is taken from the Broadhead, Wisconsin Independent, of Feb. 1st:—About the year 1856 there moved to this village a family by the name of Burnham, consisting of Dr. M. L. Burnham, his wife, and two children, a daughter aged sixteen, and a son three or four years younger. Dr. Burnham was a man of some property, and of the highest respectability. The family soon became active members of our village society, the doctor being an active member and one of the deacons of the Congregational Church. Mr. Burnham was a well-read physician, and did some practice in addition to keeping a drug store, in which his daughter, Ellen, assisted him as a clerk for the first two years of the doctor's residence here. Miss Ellen Burnham was by no means a beautiful girl. Her hair and eyes were dark; features regular, but rather coarse and masculine; form tall, square shouldered, and wanting in that grace of outline that inspires admiration. If stranger were tempted to look at her second time, it would be from surprise at the strong masculine appearance unnatural to a woman, especially one so young. Miss Burnham was not a favorite with our young men, nor did she seem anxious to be. Her time, outside of her domestic duties, was devoted to instructing music and to horseback riding, in both of which she was decidedly accomplished. Her life for the four years subsequent to 1856 was not unlike that of other young ladies of the place. She had a large class, mostly of young girls, whom she instructed in instrumental music. In the fall of 1858 a young man by the name of Powell came here and as employed as Principal of our

village school. Powell resigned the leadership of the school in the spring of 1859 and started the Reporter, the first paper published in our village. During that summer he became intimate with the family of Dr. Burnham, and became engaged to Miss Burnham in the fall of 1859. The engagement soon became known outside of the family. The only surprise excited on account of it was in selecting a girl of such masculine appearance. Miss Burnham's parents seemed particularly pleased at the prospective marriage of their daughter, whom they believed well qualified to make a good wife for an editor.

In February, 1860, L. W. Powell and Miss Ellen Burnham were married by Rev. Mr. Cockran, the Congregational minister. The happy couple took a short bridal tour preparatory to settling down for life. After an absence of a week they returned to the residence of the bride's parents, who, in honor of their daughter's marriage, sent out invitations to large numbers of our citizens to welcome the bride and groom. We were present at this wedding party and could not but think that both the bride and groom appeared remarkably solemn. We did not kiss the bride, although that was the fashion. Our objection to the kissing part of the programme was a dislike to come in contact with an unusually heavy black mouse tache which marred the lip of the bride. Mrs. Powell became more and more masculine in her appearance as she grew older. She took a case in the Reporter office and learned the printer's trade rapidly. In a short time she proved to be the best jour in the office. She also took to smoking, in the cultivation of which she proved herself a printress. In the spring of 1861, when Powell had been married about a year or more, the 7th Wisconsin regiment was organized, Powell's wife not having presented him with an heir to make home doubly pleasant, he resolved to go to the wars. He sought and through the influence of friends obtained the position of State agent or "wet nurse" for the gallant 7th, then ordered to Washington. Mrs. Powell, being of a tough and hardy make, resolved to accompany her husband to the front. No objection being raised, she fitted herself out and went to Washington. The regiment was for a time detained at Washington, and Mrs. Powell made herself happy in working up that moral town. A few weeks after her arrival there, while she was riding on horseback one day, her masculine appearance attracted the attention of a government detective, who made up his mind that Mrs. Powell was a man, a rebel spy. The detective followed her about the city and to her quarters. He dogged her steps for several days, until, just before the regiment was ordered off, Mrs. Powell took it into her head to return to Broadhead. She packed up her rig, took leave of her husband, and the regiment, and started for home. The detective accompanied her to Chicago on the same train, and at the Briggs House, where the lady booked her name, he placed her under arrest as a rebel in disguise. In vain she claimed to be a woman and the wife of a member of the Seventh Regiment. She called in the landlady, who asserted that she had seen Mrs. Powell finally induced the detective to telegraph to Governor Randall, of this State, and to her husband at Washington. Governor Randall telegraphed back that there was such a lady. A similar telegram arrived from Washington. In a few days Mr. Powell reached Chicago, and the unhappy couple made their way home to this village. Language cannot describe the feelings of this unhappy pair. Hardly over the first flush of connubial felicity and the wife had become an object of suspicion to strangers, and was in constant danger of being arrested as a man. They remained here a few days when Mrs. Powell informed her parents that she was going to visit some relations East. The fond parents little dreaming of the arrest and subsequent scenes at the Briggs House, urged her to remain and replenish her wardrobe. She readily answered that she could procure more becoming and stylish garments at the East. After her departure Mr. Powell procured some cloth, and went to Mr. Morney, one of our tailors, and informed him that he wished to present his brother with a suit of clothes. He informed the tailor that his garments fitted his brother, and a suit made to fit him would be just the thing. The clothes were made and expressed to Chicago. Soon after, Mr. Powell informed Dr. Burnham, the father of his wife, that Ellen had changed her dress, and was now wearing man's attire and living in Chicago. The doctor was thunderstruck, and the mother half-frenzied. The only satisfaction they could get out of Powell was that his wife was not a woman, and would not dress as a woman any longer. The doctor requested Powell to accompany him, and immediately went to Chicago, where he found his daughter dressed in the suit of clothes which Mr. Powell had made for his brother. Mrs. Powell informed him no longer try to act the part of one. The doctor insisted upon an examination. At length, to satisfy her father, she consented that the late Dr. Brainard should examine her.

Dr. Brainard did so, and informed the father that his daughter was not a female, and had done the best thing to be done in changing her attire. After much solicitation, Ellen permitted her father to examine her, and satisfy himself that she was not a woman. Dr. Burnham then procured a situation for her, under the name of Edgar Burnham, in the wholesale drug house of J. H. Reed & Co., in whose employ he remained about one year. During this time he roomed and slept with a young man by the name of Andrews, now doing business in Crosby's Opera House block. He also became engaged to a young lady on State street, the daughter of his landlady. We frequently visited the young Burnham at his room on Washington street, being ourselves at the time in the law office of Merck & Redfield, then officiating on Dearborn street. Young Burnham, made up in appearance as a man of all the beauty and grace he lacked as a woman. Chicago had a few better looking young men than the former Mrs. Powell. He was a portion of the time organist at the Plymouth Church, Rev. J. R. Shepherd, pastor, and for a time organist of one of the Baptist churches. We were particularly amused at his hearty admiration of the girls. He would leave his piano or work at any time to look at a woman. In 1863 young Burnham returned to Broadhead and went into the drug business with his father. He was at this time engaged to the State street lady, who was entirely ignorant of the story of her lover's life. We have it from the best authority—a young man who resided in the family of the young lady—that Burnham was a devoted lover, and, even after he removed to Broadhead, corresponded regularly twice a week with his betrothed, and paid her visits of two or three days duration. After his removal to Broadhead he was a decided favorite in the society here both on account of his good looks and his skill as a musician. Men, women and children flocked to the drug store of Burnham & Son to trade, for the purpose of seeing the young man who was once a wife. Dr. Burnham sold out his property here in 1864, and removed to Waterloo, Iowa, taking Edgar with him, and there opening a drug store.

Soon after the removal of the family to Waterloo, Edgar sought and obtained in marriage the hand of Miss Gertrude Everett, one of the prettiest girls in Spring Valley, Rock County, Wis. The Chicago engagement had been broken off. They have now been married about three years, and living at Waterloo. They have no children as yet, all stories to the contrary notwithstanding. Should they have children, or either of them, we shall make haste to inform our readers of the fact. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that Edgar Burnham was ever a mother, and quite as sane to believe that he can be a father. From the best authority, namely, from Mr. Powell and from the surgeon who examined him, we know that Edgar Burnham is an It, and will never be anything else. It is due to the young lady to whom he was engaged in Chicago to say that she never knew the make-up of her lover from first to last, and that her engagement was broken off by her before his history became known. Miss Everett, his present wife, knew the facts of this remarkable case, substantially as we have related them, and married it willingly of her own accord, and against the wishes of her parents. She undoubtedly knows the facts more definitely than we do, and can command her own union with an It, if there is any joy in it.

By the Overland mail, we have Chicago dates to January 30th: The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph of Jan. 25th, says: From a reliable source we have learned the particulars of a horrible and lamentable occurrence that happened near Fort Valley yesterday, in which a father was shot and killed by his own son. The unfortunate man killed was Dr. Jackson, a brother of the Jackson who killed Col. Ellsworth for hauling down a Confederate flag from over his hotel in Alexandria, Va., during the first year of the war. Dr. Jackson removed to Georgia from Kentucky during the rebellion, and has been residing there ever since. The circumstances of the killing, as we have them from our informant, were these: There had been an angry family altercation, during which the Doctor is said to have forcibly ejected his son from his premises, who thereupon turned upon his father and fired at him twice, killing him.

In the office of Secretary of State, on Monday, the San Francisco, Valjeo and Humbolt Bay Railroad Co. filed articles of incorporation. This company was incorporated for the purpose of constructing, owning and maintaining a railroad from a point at or near the town of Eureka, on Humbolt Bay, passing through the counties of Solano, Napa, Sonoma, Mendocino and Humboldt, to a point on Humbolt Bay at a point Eureka—the road being about three hundred miles long. Capital stock, \$10,000,000, in 100,000 shares of \$100 each.

A child has been born near Stamford, Conn., having three distinct noses.

